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Assassination

Display'd in the

FABLE

OF THE

Robin Red-breast

AND

VULTURE.

By the Author of The Black-bird's Tale.

Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus autor
Perfide, *sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens*
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.
Virg. *lib.* IV.

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Assassination

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FABLE

OF THE

Robin Red-breast and *Vulture.*

NEAR to the *Ruines* of an Ancient *Seat,*
Where once the *Sylvan Gods* had their *Retreat,*
Only a Grove remains for solemn Business meet;

Hither repair the *Birds* and *Fowls* of *State*,
Here they their Lady's Safety firſt debate,
Then to preſerve Her Grange their different
(thoughts relate.

Here meet the *Cock*, the *Captain* of the Grove,
The *Lark*, the *Linnet*, and the faithful *Dove*,
The *Nightingale*, and *Swan*, the Favourite *Bird*
(of *Jove*.

Among the firſt, the *Robin Red-breaſt* came,
A faithful *Bird*, that dearly loves the Dame,
With a moſt pure and unextinguiſhable *Flame*.

This watchful *Bird*, whom ſure the *Gods* deſign'd
To be the laſting Glory of His *Kind*,
Had ſtill His Lady's *Safety* floating in His Mind.

He knew, alas, tho' She could injure none,
Sh'had *Foreign Foes*, but many more at *Home*,
That waited to *betray*, and then to *ſeize* Her *Dome*.

Aſſur'd

Assur'd of this, still round the Grange he flew,
Till He by wondrous *Penetration* knew,
When e're the JUNCTO met, what Trayt'rous
Schemes they drew.

Methinks I see him now, and hear him Sing
Oh, *Madam*, trust th' Intelligence I bring;
The *fatal Snares* are laid to Ruin *You* next *Spring*.

The *Jays*, the *Magpies*, and the prating *Daws*,
And all the *Fowls* that hate the *Sylvan Laws*
Hover about Your *Dome*, with their extended
Claws.

Believe me, Madam, I have no *Design*,
But their pernicious *Plots* to *Countermine*,
And to preserve Your *Grange* in Your Illustrious
Line.

Be witness all the Gods to what I say,
Had I Your Grange *consented to betray,*
I'd been their Darling still, and greater far than they:

But when they ſaw I could not be *decoy'd*,
They all their *Malice*, and their *Arts* Imploy'd,
To have what moſt I prize, my *Character*, de-
(ſtroy'd.

No ſooner *They* had baniſh'd me from *You*,
But *They* my *Life* with guilty *Rage* purſue;
And charge me with a *Crime* as falſe as *Heaven*
(is true.

The penſive Dame, that could no longer bear
To hear Her *Bird* theſe doleful *Truths* declare,
Replies, The *Gods* and I will ſtill of *You* take care.

I've heard with *Pleaſure*, and with *Pain* your *Song*,
And will find means to mitigate your *Wrong*,
And Guard *Myſelf* and *You* from this Revengeful
(*Throng*.

But firſt (*my deareſt Bird*) what muſt be done
From preſent Danger to ſecure my *Dome*;
And keep my *Title* ſafe for Rightful Heirs to
come.

I find the Caſe too plain to be deny'd,
Theſe *Wretches* have their utmoſt Skill apply'd
To *Sacrifice* us all to their *Revenge* and *Pride.*

Haſte, therefore *haſte*, and with my *Friends* Adviſe
How *We* may beſt be Safe againſt *Surprize*;
The *Danger* nearer grows, and gathers as it flies.

Pleas'd with the *Joyful Meſſage* that he brings,
The honeſt *Bird* exerts his active Wings,
And round the *Grange* he flies, and as he flies he Sings;

Our *Vows* and *Prayers* are heard and 'tis decreed
We ſhall from *Storks*, from *Rooks*, and *Kites* be freed
And from the King-fiſhers that moſt *Rebellious* (*Breed.*

No more the *Peacock*, to the *Grove's diſgrace*,
Shall dare inſult Our *Lady* to Her Face,
Nor upſtart *Tits* and *Gulls*, Our *Native Birds* diſplace.

The *Reverend Blackbirds* shall renew their *Songs*,
The *Larks* and *Linnets* with melodious *Tongues*
Shall in exalted *Strains* record their Country's
(*Wrongs*.

More he had said, but casting round his Eyes,
(Pertch'd on a *Hollow Tree*) an *Owl* he 'spies;
The Faction's *doating Tool*, still acting in disguise.

The *Wretch* looks down, shaking his heavy Head,
I've heard you, Sir, and that was all he said;
Then Wing'd with *Spite* and *Rage*, up to the
(Junto fled.

The *Lords* were sitting and debating loud
How they might best amuse the *Giddy Croud*,
And get their Ruling Power perpetually allow'd.

A World of *dangerous Projects* they invent,
To fix *Themselves* above the *Government*,
And mutually resolve to try the Grand Event.

But

But here ſtands up the *Owl*: My Lord, you ſee
You ſtrive your *Places to perpetuate*;
You ſhould have firſt procur'd the Robin Red-breaſt's *Fate*.

All the fine Wiles that your Lordſhip laid,
By this *Sagacious Varlet* are betray'd,
Our *Truſty Friends* ſhrink back, look frighted and diſmay'd.

I know that *Caytiff* has diſcover'd all,
No *Arts* of *State* can his Advice recall;
Nor will our *deepeſt Plots* divert our ſpeedy *Fall*.

But now, I heard him tell the Tory *Birds*,
You need no longer dread the JUNCTO *Lords*;
Their *Downfal's* ſurely fixt. *Theſe were his very Words*.

To this the furious STORK with ſcorn replys
Had he ten Thouſand *Lives*, and *Argus Eyes*,
He cannot long eſcape our Matchleſs Villanies.

If

If Daggers, Poyſon, or if Plots can doe
With thoſe, *We* will the *Varlet's Life* purſue,
And if all thoſe ſhould fail, I've ſomething elſe
in view.

The Rook ſpoke next: My *Lords*, I know the *Bird*,
This *Cautious Slave* is always on his Guard,
For ev'ry *Turn of State* and *Accident* prepar'd.

I've try'd a Thouſand *Stratagems* to find
The boundleſs *Depths* of his Capacious Mind,
But ſtill, to all I ſaid, I found him *Deaf* and *Blind*.

In all he does, he is ſo Circumſpect,
No common *Arts* his *Ruin* can effect;
He will Outwit us *All*, and all *We* do detect.

Some *Method* muſt be found, unpractic'd yet,
To catch this wary Traytor in our *Net*,
And *We* muſt all reſolve the Project to abet.

The

The **Peacock** next lifts up his empty Crown,
My *Lords*, if You resolve to pull him down,
There is a trusty **Vulture** lurking in this *Town*,

Who neither *Virtue*, *Vice*, nor *Danger* knows,
Treats all *Mankind* as if they were his *Foes*,
And gradually **Betrays** all *Countries* where he goes.

A *Villain* of the largest Magnitude,
Of *Dismal Aspect*, *of Behaviour rude*,
With all the useful Arts of Roguery endu'd.

This **Wretch** is poor, neglected and disgrac'd;
What think Your *Lordship's* of a BRIBE well-plac'd.
I need not mention more, you all know what has past.

At this they *star'd* and *paus'd*, at length the **Kite**
Stands up, I think that *Noble Lord* is right,
This *Wretch* deserves to fall a MARTYR to our *spight*.

I know the COUNT, for so they call his Name,
I know by whose *Advice* he hither came;
There's none so fit as He to Sacrifice the Dame.

He is a *Fowl*, for Noble Mischief great;
In Murder, Lust and Sacrilege, compleat;
Fam'd for Rebellion too: What need I more re-
(peat?

The Buzard was got up to let *Them* know
What his *Opinion* was, but comes a Crow,
My Lords (says he) *You're set, there's* Tory Birds
(*below.*

Frighted at this, by different ways they flew,
But first Their Mutual *Vows* and *Oathes* renew;
That They'd this *Cursed Bird* with *dire Revenge*
(pursue.

The *Bird* whose *Virtue* was his sole defence,
Guarded by *That*, and *Matchless Innocence*,
To serve his *Lady*, still exerts his utmost Sense.

A-

Around the *Woods*, and *Neighbouring Springs* he flies,
Views ev'ry *Tree*, and all the *Gardens* trys,
To save the **Dame** from harm, and raise Her fit (Supplies.

And tho' the **Faction** labour his *Disgrace*,
Still *He* pursues the Business of his *Place*;
Disdains Their mean Attempts, does all their *Tricks* outface.

But now what *Terms* of *Horror* must I use,
Ye Gods, *Ye Gods*, Instruct th'astonish'd *Muse*,
Whilst I relate a FACT no *Annals* can produce.

The **Vulture** still for *Villany* prepar'd,
Was for **High Treason** brought before the **Board**
To answer to a *Crime* his **Guilty Looks** declar'd.

The furious **Russian** rowling round his Eyes,
Within his reach the **Robin Red-breast** spies,
Unguarded as he sate, not dreading a *Surprize*.

He

He mutters to himself, that *Bird* shall dye;
His Death will Crown my former *Villany*,
Nor will the World produce a bolder Rogue
(than I.

In this one *Glorious Act* I shall outdoe
All CÆSAR's *Murderers*, and brave FELTON too;
And what is more than all, my own *Revenge*
(pursue.

O Guide, ye infernal Powers, but this one stroke,
'Tis the last time I shall your Aid invoke.
Then deep within his *Breast* his poysonous Bill
he broke.

The *Bird* that felt the *Wound* undaunted stood
Calm in his Pain, sedate amidst his *Blood*,
In ev'ry Word and Act extreamly wise and good.

When all his *Friends* for his Assistance rise,
As free from *Passion* as from *Fear*, he cries,
This Wretch *is too much honour'd if by* You *he dies.*
Our

Our *Sylvan Laws* propoſe a better way
To puniſh thoſe that *Murder* and *Betray*;
Beſides, You firſt ſhould hear what he has yet to ſay:

Perhaps his *Guilt* may urge him to declare
To this *Attempt*, who his ADVISERS were;
Such a Stupendious *Fact* deſerves Your utmoſt (Care.

He ſpoke, whilſt all his *Friends* amaz'd ſtand round,
Viewing with *Horror*, and with *Rage* his Wound,
The Vulture all the while lay ſtrugling on the Ground.

And being ask'd by ſome to tell the *Cauſe*
Why on this *harmleſs Bird* he fixt his *Claws*,
This *Surly Anſwer* made without a *Moments* pauſe.

I knew you'd want him moſt, and love him beſt,
This made me chooſe him out from all the Reſt.
So turns his GLOOMY HEAD, and nothing more confeſt.

But

But, if what justly we Suspect be true,
This Wretch had deeper Mischiefs in his view;
Ye Gods! preserve the Dame from this Inveterate Crew.

And now the *Bird*, grown faint thro' loss of *Blood*,
Th' intreaties of his *Friends* no more withstood,
But calmly takes his leave, and flies into the *Wood*.

The Vulture's for his Villany confin'd
To that vile Place for *Assassins* design'd,
There with black *Blood* and *Envy* swell'd, his tainted Breath resign'd.

FINIS.

Just Publish'd, and Sold by *J. Morphew*. A True and Original Picture of a *CHURCH*, &c. by the same Author.